County

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, LONG MAY IT WAVE, O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BRAVE."

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"As if to live for one tranced minute,
Within his arms, had pleasure in it."

That's what Tom Moore said about Araby's daughter and her lover, and of course he knew; but he did'nt know what we are going to tell YOU—which is, that

For the Banner.

The Eye and the Ear in Elementary Instruction.

NUMBER 2.

We have spoken of the part performed by the eye in the acquisition of a knowledge of Orthography, and in the application of that knowledge. We have seen that the superiority of the method by writing over the oral—a superiority admitted by all—arises from the fact that in the former, the eye, which is to be the judge in all actual spelling, is distinction from that which is merely recitative, is continually appealed to; while in the latter, the appeal is made to the ear.—The principle may be extended to punctuation. How many candidates for a Teacher's certificate will not write a sentence, or a number of sentences, dictated to them, and make neither comma nor period, colon or dash, from the beginning to the end. And when their attention is directed to the omission, they will say with great simplicity, that they did not know as you wished the pauses put in. As if the sentence were a sentence without them, any more than a number of words articulated, without any inflections, would constitute a spoken sentence. They can define all the punctuation marks, and tell the pupil how many he must stop to count in each case—a most miserably artificial mode of explaining the object and use of pauses—but they have no knowledge of them as constituent elements of written language.

Let us now examine the method of teaching to read, and ascertain which needs special attention in this department of instruction, the eye or the ear. As has been already stated, the question should not be, which of a number of modes has an individual teacher found to be most successful in his or her own experience; but what mode can be shown to be best adapted to the attainment of the end. A particular teacher has been more successful with one than with another, perhaps, because he understands it better; or it may be because he likes it better, and so, unwittingly perhaps, he gives it a fairer trial. The question should be decided according to some principle. That method will in the end be the most successful which can be supported by the best reasons. We shall never make progress if each teacher's individual experience is to decide every question.

There are two kinds of reading, the silent and the audible. By the first we gain information from the printed page: by the second, we communicate that information to others who are within the sound of our voice. Both require that the reader should know the name of each word the instant it meets his eye. Whether the reading be silent or audible, the knowledge is conveyed to the mind of the reader through the medium of the *eye*. In audible reading, after the mind has gained the knowledge by the eye, the voice communicates it to the hearer. The ear of the reader is not employed in either method. In one case, the eye does it all: in the other, the eye does a part and the voice a part. The name of the word then should be known at sight.—The eye at a glance takes in the various letters composing the word, and the order in which they are arranged. With this visible appearance of the letters, the name of the word should be indissolubly connected. Before the child can read fluently, he must be able to call the words at sight, and not stop to ask the teacher, or spell them.

All this is so manifest that our readers may wonder that we deem it worth stating. But all principles are simple, that is, all correct principles. Let us be careful that we do not run counter to these very simple and manifest principles when we come to their application. The most important element of reading, then, is a knowledge of words—an eye knowledge. The sight—not the sound—of the letters composing the word. How shall this knowledge be acquired? There are different methods in use, each having its partisans. All who know anything of practical education, know that there is no question connected with it, more particularly important than this: *How shall a child be taught to read?* A vast amount of time is devoted to this part of the educational work: is it possible to effect any saving in it? Any real improvement in methods, will, we think, be the result of the discussion of principles. Whether any method will be discovered that may be pr[illegible] called *the* method, as Logic is *the* art of [illegible]soning and not merely *an* art, it is possible to say, we may hope that such will be the case. We have been endeavoring to ascertain the respective provinces of the eye and the ear in reading, not in learning to read—with the hope that, knowing the organ employed in the practice of the art, we might hence infer what organ needs special attention in the acquisition of the art.

The eye we have seen to be the inlet of knowledge in reading, whether silent or audible. The ear (of the reader) has nothing to do either in receiving or imparting the knowledge. The eye, then, would seem to be the organ to be cultivated in *learning* to read. We might almost say that the ear has no part to perform while the child is learning to read, any more than in reading, after it has learned. But to guard against misapprehension, let it be remarked that the process of learnieg to read may be divided into two parts; one, the learning of the words, and the other, enunciation of them in sentences. The name of a word will generally be learned in the first instance, from the lips of the instructor, no matter what theory that instructor may have adopted. Instead of *telling* the child the name of the word, the teacher might indeed *point to it*, if it was a visible object near at hand. But ordinarily, when a new word occurs, its name is given by the teacher, and, so far the ear of the pupil is brought into action. The name having been once given, however, the pupil should so associate that name with the word as a visible thing, that the latter should instantly suggest the former. And therefore it is, that we say the eye is the organ to be trained in learning to read. If, after the name of a word has been thus given to the child, he is practiced upon it at the time, and at a number of subsequent exercises, he will need generally to have it told him but once. There is here no culture of the ear in detecting differences of sound, but there is a culture of the eye in detecting differences of appearance. Every exercise in elementary reading is mainly a trial of the eye of the child as to its readiness in distinguishing words. And one great secret of success in this branch of instruction, is to direct the attention of the child to a new word so frequently, and in such various cambinations, that it shall be impossible for him to forget it.

We propose next to say something of learning and spelling words as preparatory to reading. More next week.

S. M. E.

Rochester, July, 1853.

Live Cattle Weighed by Measure.

The only instrument necessary is a tape measure, with feet and inch marks upon it. The girth is the circumference of the animal just behind the shoulder blades. The superficial feet are obtained by multiplying the girth and length.—The following table contains the rule to ascertain the weight of the animal:

If less than one ft. in girth, multiply superficial ft. by 8.

If less than 3 and more than 1 superficial ft. by 11.

If less than 5 and more than 3 superficial ft. by 11.

If less than 7 and more than 5, superficial ft. by 23.

If less than 9 and more than 7, superficial ft. by 33.

If less than 11 and more than 9 superficial ft. by 42.

Example.—Suppose the girth of a bullock to be 6 ft. 3 in.; length 5 ft. 6 in.—The superficial area will then be 34, in accordance with the preceding table gives the weight 782 lbs.

Example,—Suppose a pig to measure in girth 3 ft. and length 1 ft. 9 in. There would be 3 1-2 superficial ft., which multiplied by 11, gives 38½ lbs., as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way, the weight of the four quarters can be substantially ascertained during life.—*Boston Traveler.*

The New York Medical Gazette states that twenty-nine suicides, five murders and two hundred and nine cases of insanity are directly traceable to spiritual manifestations as the cause.

Why are shawls like husbands? Because every woman needs one.

From Graham's Magazine of July.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Much as has been written and spoken of Washington, the world will never be tired of hearing and reading more about him; the theme of his life and career is inexhaustible. As a general thing, people regard his distinction to arise suddenly and solely from the period of the Revolution. But Washington was widely talked of before. He had antecedents not unworthy of his revolutionary renown. Some are apt to depreciate his soldiership; but it was really one of the strongest bases and *traits* of his character. The boy, George Washington, was adventurous and energetic; and he was a soldier before he was fairly a man. In his nineteenth year he was a major of militia with a salary of about one thousand dollars a year. At that time he was a tall, sunburnt fellow, standing over six feet in his stockings, fond of walking and leaping, and dexterous at the sword exercise and with the rifle. After a little time he was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to talk to the commander of the French troops, who were then making incursions into the country of the Ohio from Canada, and approaching the western frontier of Virginia in a menacing manner. The Frenchman did not give a very satisfactory account of himself or his intentions when our young hero questioned him. But Washington's journey was not in vain. He *reconnoitred* the French position closely, taking a picture of it in his mind's eye, with the keen glance of a forest hunter and after a fatiguing and perilous journey made his way back to Richmond. At the age of twenty-two he marched as colonel at the head of a little army, and began those hostilities against the French which General Wolf afterward concluded, sweeping them forever from the North of this continent. During this expedition he was all energy and vigilance, and kept a journal of the campaign. This keeping a journal was one of his habits since boyhood; and it remained with him through his career. After marching through a wilderness, he struck his first military blow against his subsequent good allies; the French, at Great Meadows—suddenly assailing a party under Jumonville, who were dodging about and waylaying his movements. Jumonville was killed with several of his men, and the rest were made prisoners. As war had not been formally declared, this affair made a great noise; and it was said that the French officer was fairly set upon.—But there was no doubt of the Frenchman's intentions; and Washington was supported by Governor Dinwiddie and the Virginia Legislature, and also by the Home Government.

Twenty years before he went up to Cambridge as generalissimo, his name was part of the history of England. Colonel Washington was talked of in London before General Washington—praised by one British ministry before he was denounced by another. The Journal that he had kept on the western campaign was published in England, to show the designs and movements of the French, and was eagerly read and quoted.

But he was not famous in England alone about that time. Shortly afterward, portions of his journals and papers were taken among Braddock's baggage, after the bloody fussillade of Monongahela, and published in Paris to prove some diplomatic point against the British. And curiously enough, Washington was looked on by the Parisians as a fierce young bulldog, of a rough and sanguinary nature; pretty much as 'the monster Brandt' was subsequently with us and the readers of Gertrude of Wyoming. A French poet, M. Thomas did for poor Washington what Campbell did for the Indian chief—made him the nefarious character of a poem on the death of Jumonville, slain by British treachery! So that the people of Paris, reversing the order of the English receptions of the Virginian's name, first execrated him before Lafayette taught them to talk of his glory with enthusiasm. What curious turns and changes will take place in the world.

At that terrible affair of Monongahela, where Braddock was struck down in the midst of his broken army, Aid-de-camp Washington, then in his twenty-third year, did the duty of a commander with the activity, coolness and courage of a veteran: He rode about everywhere, and seemed to bear a charmed life, like Claverhouse of old among the Covenanters. He had two horses killed under him, and got four bullets in his coat, in that desperate effort to save the remnant of the panic stricken army. It is remarkable, that in the histories of England used in schools and popularly circulated, no mention is made of George Washington in connection with the defeat of Braddock. The siege of Toulon is never mentioned without a notice of Bonaparte's first effective military achievement. Virginia, however, took good care that the disaster of Monongahela should not prejudice the character of Colonel Washington. He received public thanks and a recompence; and the Rev. Samuel Davis in a sermon delivered before one of the volunteer companies of the colony, made use of that strikingly prophetic sentence: "As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner *for some important service to his country.*" He was then made commander-in-chief of the army of Virginia. Thus on the very threshold of manhood, George Washington had a more soldirly fame, and had done more to deserve it, than any general of modern times at that age. Wolfe and Napoleon Bonaparte did splendid things in their early years; but Washington showed himself beyond both, and bore heavier responsibilities than either. This should be remembered by those who affect to think that the American liberator is not to be placed high on the rolls of soldiership—Indeed if Washington was not a great soldier—as Hannibal was a great soldier; full of foresight, strategy, promptness and patience, he could not have held his military truncheon for a year in the war of the Revolution. The English armies were not the only things he had to conquer. He had to overcome the caution and reluctance of Congress, who would not give him an army lest he should make himself a king. For the arduous business he was to perform, he had not so much an army as a loose military force, coming and going from his camp under its own state leaders—like the desultory clansmen of old, marching, temporarily with their chiefs to aid the sovereign in his campaigns. In a wold, having perused the history of our eight years' struggle, you lay down the book and say, Washington himself was the source and the soul of that ever memorable warfare. Another general would have lost all patience, head, hope, courage—everything. But he stood up in the midst of the storm and discouragement, lived down all distrust, and held right on with a fortitude of which the world has given no similar example in ancient or modern times. If Washington was not a great soldier, we really do not know where to look for one on all the rolls of history.

The death-illness of Washington was short and full of suffering. Having spent three years at Mount Vernon after he had ceased to be President, he was summoned to depart. On the 13th of December, 1799 he spent some time in examining and marking the trees of a grove near the house, and on the 14th he was a dead man! On the 12th he went out on horseback, as usual, to look over his farms.—The weather was very cold with snow, hail and rain. On his return he franked some letters; and when his secretary, Mr. Lear, expressed a fear that he had got wet, the General said he had not—that his great coat had kept him dry. But his neck was wet, and the death stroke had reached his throat. He sat at dinner without changing his dress. That day he appeared as well as usual; but the next day, 13th, he complained of sore throat That evening—the last of his life, and not one in all that house could dream of it—he sat in the parlor reading the papers with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, his secretary. He was very cheerful and, as well as his hoarseness would allow, would read aloud any paragraphs that struck him. At his request Mr. Lear read for him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of the governor and senators. When the General had heard what Mr. Madison said against Mr. Monroe, he was rather angry and spoke with asperity. When he was going to bed Mr. Lear advised him to take something for his cold; but he refused saying: "You know I never take any thing for a cold; let it go as it came." Between two and three o'clock next morning the General woke Mrs. Washington, to say that he was very unwell; and she could percieve that he spoke with difficulty. But he would not allow her to get up in the cold. At daybreak he could hardly speak; but he desired that Rawlins, the overseer, should come to bleed him. When the incision was made by the latter, the patient said he did not think the orifice was large enough. Mrs Washington said she feared he was losing too much blood; but he uttered 'more! more!' A gargle for his throat was tried, but it would not go down. Sal voltile, rubbed externally to the throat, was then used; but the patient could hardly bear the pressure of the hand. All this time he was stifling.—When Drs. Craik and Dick arrived, they put cantharides to his throat—bled him again, and gave him a gargle, which, however nearly choaked him. About three o'clock Dr. Brown arrived, and could do nothing but take some more blood. The physicians consulted, and felt all the desperation of the case.

As the patient could now swallow a little, tartar emetic and calomel were administered, but without effect. At half past four, he summoned Mrs. Washington, and sent for two wills from his desk: one of them he bid her burn, and keep the other, and was, of course obeyed.—During the day he made two attempts to leave the bed; one at eight o'clock in the morning, when he sat, dressed, by the fire. But he was obliged to lie down.—At noon he made another effort, but in vain. As evening drew on, he whispered to Mr. Lear, "I am going: my breath cannot last long!" After a few directions, he asked if Mr. Lear remembered any thing he should do. Mr. Lear hoped he was not so near his end; but the dying hero smiled faintly and said he was; this was the debt all must pay. He was in great pain. But he showed himself grateful to Mr. Lear for his efforts to relieve him by changing his position in the bed. To Dr. Craik, he said: "Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go: I knew from the first this attack would be fatal! My breath cannot last long!" A little after, the three physicians raised him in the bed, when he said: "I feel myself going. Take no more trouble about me; let me go quietly!" At 8 o'clock they applied blisters and cataplasms to his feet and legs. At ten he said, faintly, "I am going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put in the vault less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me? Well!" He spoke in a low, husky voice, and almost inarticulately. His breathing seemed to become easier before he died. He withdrew his hand from Mr. Lear, and *felt his own pulse*, as Haller, the Philosopher, and Harvey did in their last moments. Soon his face changed, his hand sunk from the wrist, and he ceased to breathe without a struggle. Mrs. Washington was sitting at the foot of the bed, and she now asked Dr. Craik, who had his hands on the General's eyes, if he was gone. Being answered in the affirmative, she said:

"'Tis well—all is over! I shall soon follow him—I have no more trials to pass through!" She survived him only three years.

Husbands and Wives.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her editorials for the Boston Olive Branch, presents the following striking contrast between two homes and two husbands:

"I wish I *could* see a pleasant face when I come home. Tired! Yes! that's always the cry. I never get tired—oh, no!—Customers to please—clerks to overhaul, accounts to cast up! Hush! I shall hate that child. Now walk the floor and spoil him. Bill, hunt up my slippers. Mary, draw up the rocking chair. *Other* men have these things ready for them. There's Saunders, he takes comfort. His wife is as handsome as she was the day she was married. If there's anything I hate it's a faded woman. Light the lamps and give me my newspaper. If I can't read here in peace I'll go over to Saunders'."

At Saunders: "Mary, dear, how tired you look. Give me that great strapping boy. No wonder your arms ache. Oh! never mind *me*. I'm always O. K. at home, you know. Take the rocking-chair *yourself*, and just become comfortable. Ain't I tired? Why yes, I am—a little, but then I've feasted on fresh air and sun shine to-day, which you havn't. Besides, I don't have such a lump of perpetual motion as this to manage.

"Bless my soul, how do you live these hot days? Never mind the room! everything looks well enough—you included—except that you are looking a trifle better than well. How do you manage to keep so young and pretty, bonny wife?"

Well might the smiling answer be, "*the freshness and fulness of my husband's love keeps my heart green.*"

The Choice.—A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make three compliments and ask for their usual Newyear's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "But I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labor and industry?" "As you say the book is good, I will take it and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

A Gem.—We never read the following without feeling twenty per cent improved by it:

Two neighbors met, one of them was exceedingly rich, the other in moderate circumstances. The latter began to congratulate the former on his great possessions; and the happiness he must enjoy, and ended it with contrasting it with his own condition.

"My friend," said the rich man, "will you allow me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly sir."

"Would you be willing to take my property and take the whole care of it for your boarding and clothing?"

"No indeed!"

"Well, that's all I get!"